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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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WITH this issue the UNDEGRADUATE year closes Whether it has been a successful year is not for us to say. We do not claim to have scaled any great heights or to have fathomed any unknown depths of thought. We have not aspired to fame, nor have we striven for great honor. We do feel that if editors profit by what other people call mistakes, then certainly we ought to have made a great advancement during the last year. If it was as easy to write as it is to criticize, doubtless every college paper would be brimming over with literary productions.

We do consider that some of the experiences which an editor of a college periodical passes through may be unpleasant, yet on the whole they are profitable. Each one of us has dealt more or less with those undetermined quantities which algebra treats of; however, and we think it possible to find such problems to solve in other spheres. With some issues the question where the first page was coming from was about as difficult as the source of the last in others. Many subjects which might be sufficiently elaborated upon in a few sentences must be inflated proportional to the column to be filled, and doubtless the thought decreased as the square of the number of words increased. It is easy to conceive that in a larger college, where more events are taking place, there is less uncertainty as to what shall constitute the several columns of their paper.

We realize that the alumni department should form an important part of a college paper, but it is impossible for the undergraduates to collect all the interesting facts about the alumni, and in fact oftentimes it is exceedingly difficult to obtain any news about them. It seems sometimes as if the alumni felt modest about sending in a note about themselves.

As we dip the editorial pen for the last time we feel that the success of the UNDERGRADUATE for the coming year will be unquestioned, and wish the coming board of editors pleasant experiences.

CAN a person be connected with a small college and not realize how much more various his duties must be than in a larger one? Scarcely can there be an organization but that it is the duty of the student to take part in it. It is this fact which brings the student of the smaller institutions into perhaps broader experiences than it is possible to obtain in larger institutions.

The duties and responsibilities of a larger college rest upon a small number of men, who are more abundantly able to perform them than others. Yet that is the very reason why the others should have some of these duties to perform. Constant experience of a college man shows that many men before coming to college have had more or less to do with the practical world, while others, slower of development, have met with but few experiences. In a small college every man forms an integral part of the institution and does not make up that back ground which so many students of larger bodies compose.

College life is analagous to the practical life, but at this point many students fail; they come from a pre-

paratory school where their chief aim might have been high scholarship, athletics or simply sport. When they enter college they may not even then change their ideals. As they pursue their course and see the end of college life near at hand, the thought may come to them, what a theoretical life this is.

In our study of the languages, the aim being then the mere development of thought, the text matter to many is of no concern, and even if it was, much of the ancient classics is mythical, and thus the reality of life is only vague in one's mind. It is the duty of every college man to let those environments, if we may call them, warp their character as they will. Examination is the goal with many, while real life is left to have such a share as may be left perhaps a week after examination. In our very aim many of us lose the very thing which should give strength in the reality of life. The true college man is he that has found in books not only that material which is necessary for carrying out a course successfully, but has also made a part of that material part of his own personality.

IT may seem a trifle out of our place to enter any criticism on the chapel essays, but perhaps as viewed from a masculine eye a criticism may be helpful. An oration, by its delivery, carries with it an element of interest, but this cannot be said of an essay which is read. The mind revolts somewhat at the sight of a paper, and the interest must be aroused by the subject, with its treatment, and by the voice. Of course it should be heard distinctly, and any one can form their own conclusions as to whether this end is com monly attained or not. Now, as to the interest in the subject, there are an endless number of subjects which can be treated of that are sure to please the audience. And more than that, any subject,when developed in an original and attractive way, is equally sure to arouse feelings of appreciation. Let us have no philosophical discussions. An ability to write these will never be of value in real life, but the demand is for something original, bright, lively and attractive.

LET anyone come up to Vermont and see the mountains in their winter dress, breathe the clear air and then go back to city and say that Vermont is not one of the most pleasant locations for a college home—and he will find himself in the hopeless minority.

WE hear much nowadays of "the resistless operation of the laws of progress." People are carried away with the comforting thought that needed changes and salutary reforms will come about in the natural course of events without any help from those most vitally interested.

A wild animal may succeed in getting food by lying in wait for it, but they are often compelled to do a little more active foraging than that. The Micawbers are often obliged to seek a less luxurious method of obtaining a livelihood than merely waiting for something to turn up.

In our college enterprises, the same idea holds its truth. The editor who waits for contributors to hand in articles, will have but a scanty paper and the college that waits for glee clubs and athletic enterprises to spring up like the traditional toad-stool must ever suffer disappointment in his hopes. Now that we are putting energy into the various lines of college organizations, we are meeting with more success, and we trust that there will be less confidence in "the resistless operation of the laws of progress."

AS winter keeps drawing closer to its goal and spring begins to appear not far distant, the question of base ball comes before the student. Doubtless it has not been the privilege of candidates for the base-ball team to receive such physical training in years as they are obtaining this winter. It must be apparent that there is some good material for a team this year and as such should receive the encouragement of each student. We may not rely on the the strength of our victories last year, as they might be an unsure foundation, yet we can feel assured that teams have passed through about the same experiences.

When we come to consider the track which is to be built this spring and the prospect of the coming field day, no one can feel that "Old Midd." is indifferent as to athletics. As long as she lets them assume a a part of one's college course and not the end and aim of college life, so long is she a true representation of of what a college should be.

If it may be possible to have representatives from here at the College New England meet, the chances are that they would not return unrewarded. A record at such an athletic meet would be of advantage to the college and make a claim for one of the colleges "nestled among the Green Mountains."

WE would not pose as those who believe that true education consists of an accumulation of facts, but we would enter a plea for more general information on current topics. There are many things a person does not need to know in his existence here. A man can live a virtuous and respected life even if he does not believe that Mars is inhabited. There are some things that are almost neutral so far as the benefit from a knowledge of them goes, but there is an extensive list of topics that one must be posted on if he would have his life at all enviable. He must have at least a cursory knowledge of current events. It will not do, when you are asked your opinion on the Cretan question, to say that you are not posted on that subject, and then enter on an extended discourse on the reasons that led to the deposing of the third king of Egypt. It is well enough to know about Pharaoh, but unless you know enough about some question of the day to at least pretend as much more, no knowledge of Egyptology will suffice. O, for a better consideration of the interesting problems of the day among college men!

LITERARY.

STRANGE LIFE OF JOHN STRAW.

Coming into the world on a quiet April day, John scarcely realized what a strange career he was about to pursue. In fact he didn't realize much at all at that particular time. He was born on a farm in a quiet country place, and the first years of his life were similar to those of most country boys. Whenever he left home he was accompanied by his mother, and up to the age of twelve he had been to but one horse trot and four circuses.

As he grew older he went around more, and at the early age of eighteen he was allowed to attend the county fair alone. Here he had his eyes opened to the world. He saw the fancy breeds of cattle, sheep and swine and wished they were on his father's farm. He saw new strains of poultry of which he had never before heard, and looked with awe upon the race course while some horse did a mile in three minutes.

He patronized a fakir and bought a ten cent whip for one dollar. He tried the gaming table, won at first, but soon found himself out of pocket a dollar and a half. Every year afterwards John attended the county fair, but fought shy of the fakirs and gamesters.

Meantime his education had been going on slowly. In the deestrict school he was learning his Reading, 'Rithmetic and 'Riting. He soon graduated with high honors at the foot of his class. About this time he ell in love with a young maid, who, strange to say, was not sought after by any other amorous youths. So, in the course of time, they were joined in the castiron bonds of wedlock. They lived happily together at the old homestead, undisturbed by the turmoils of the outside world.

The last we heard of John was, that he was prospering upon his farm, raising hens and potatoes, going to town once a week for marketing purposes, and taking his family yearly to the circus and county fair. But how different has been his life from that of others of whom we sometimes read.

His hair has not turned gray from fright, nor are his feet sore from standing on the point of death. Even his love affairs have run smoothly, and his mother-in-law is said to be the kindest of women. John Straw is indeed a happy, contented man, but strange to read about, stranger still to write about. But in his uneventful career there is a lesson better than in the lives of all reckless adventurers. He has prospered in his small way, and in the meanwhile has been contented.

Contentment, priceless jewel, is found only in the quiet life of a farmer, and who can say that the life of the farmer is not worth the notice that we give to fast and reckless lives of some who are the subject of story? He dwells with nature. His life is her story, the best and truest of all.

BURIED IN THOUGHT.

An old cemetery is a very pleasant spot to spend a summer afternoon. Of course there are people who stay there longer than that, but science has as yet discovered no way to get their views as to the pleasure of residence there. During a stroll in the neighborhood of an almost deserted village, I chanced to wander a little from the beaten road and follow a grass-grown, bramble-strewn path into a small patch of trees waving idly over the moss-grown stones and weed-covered graves of one of these country graveyards. Originally there had been a little church there, but it had long since mouldered away, leaving, where it stood, a slight hollow which was being rapidly filled up by the falling leaves and decaying branches. It was the ideal place for dreams, pleasant or grave, but

I will not indulge any desire to spring dreams on a patient reading public.

A natural curiosity led me to decipher some of the inscriptions on the headstones. Digging out the moss here and guessing at a letter or word there, finally I succeeded in gathering several inscriptions which were quaint at least, if interesting to none but myself.

In these latter days, when "women's rights" and the "new women" are the only legitimate subjects of conversation, perhaps the reader will be interested in getting a little light on the subject from those early days when man was supposed to wield the sceptre, and, if ancient tales may be relied on, the stick, too, sometimes. I will give it to you in its entirety so that the force of it may be impressed on one who trusts too much to the newness of this all-important question of wo nen's rights and women's wrongs:

HERE LIES YE BODY OF
MR. PETER TUFTS,
HUSBAND
OF MRS. DEBORAH TUFTS,
WHO DIED OCT. 23d, 1756, IN THE
75th YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Husband, indeed! Oh, man, blush as you think of that poor old man of seventy five, the victim of a henpecking wife during probably fifty years of it. What pictures can we call up of long hours of curtain lectures and lectures which required no curtain; think of that suffering mortal putting the baby to sleep while his wife went over to the home of Charity Goodness or Gracious Goodness, or any of those old-time virtues to preside at that meeting which had been called by the other virtues to consider the question, "Shall man be allowed to eat?" And after all those sufferings, just think of that worn-out old man, driven to an early death at seventy-five, consigned to a lonely grave, while all the women of the neighborhood stood around, nodding their heads and muttering vaguely about the dispensations of Providence to those who would not give their wives the right to vote for parish officers.

In sympathy for the wretched settler, I may have slightly broken my determination not to dream, but now let me ask you to consider another of those inscriptions, which, too, may lead us along chase in our fancy:

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH WEEKS,
RELICT OF MR. INGOLDLY WEEKS,
WHO DIED JULY 3, 1814,
IN THE 79th YEAR OF HER AGE.

IN MEMORY OF
ZUINGLIUS BALLARD, ETC.,
"UNFORTUNATE THROUGH LIFE'S PROTRACTED SPAN,
BUT YET HE LIVED AND DIED AN HONEST MAN."

We cannot repress the desire to enter upon a little sermon on the lack of men nowadays of whom the last line of the quotation will be true. Indeed, the first line will be true of many mortals now, but how few are the men of whom their neighbors can say that they were honest. That man never peddled liquidated milk, or watered stocks; he never sold five dollar coal for seven and a half and then charged interest if it was not paid within thirty days. Indeed, we cannot even imagine that man charging more than catalogue prices for the text books the little scholars used in the district school. Ah, no. Times have indeed changed, and whether for the better or worse let that inscription tell.

On the next stone was the inscription to Diogenes's honest man's wife:

IN MEMORY OF SALLY,
CONSORT OF ZUINGLIUS BALLARD,
WHO DIED, ETC.,
"INDUSTRIOUS AND KIND TO ALL HER NEIGHBORS,
AND NOW SHE'S GONE TO REST FROM ALL HER LABORS."

We trust that she has. Any woman that is industrious, and, beyond that, kind to all her neighbors, deserves to have a bronze monument erected to her memory. We may rest assured that she was no "new woman," but one of those good, old-fashioned women who have made us largely what we are. They wrote no fiery pamphlets, they mounted no rostrums in political conventions, they dabbled not at all in the politics of their time. They did their duty where they were placed and we honor them for it.

As I look back on that preceding paragraph, it would seem once more that the train of my thought had left the track, but you must remember that you would never appreciate the feeling of safety you have in a good train on a safe road if you never heard of accidents in other places.

Now let us put the derailed engine and cars on its accustomed route and proceed a short distance to the end of the road. Nowhere did I look but I found some reminder that those old settlers' time was in some respect better than ours, and I left the old graveyard with a feeeling of reverence for their lives, as the evening shadows fell over the grave of the "Husband of Mrs. Deborah Tufts."

BETWEEN THE WORDS OF THE SERMON.

One evening, while passing a few days in a quaint little village, I strolled into the old-fashioned church on the hill-top. The walls showed the wear of many years and on the plain straight-backed pews were carved the initials of many of the most sedate men in town, placed there in the carelessness of youth.

Near me sat an old lady of perhaps sixty, whose face was contentment itself. The meeting was one of special interest, evidently, for the little church was rapidly filled until there was only one seat left, on the other side of my sweet-faced companion. Presently a man of perhaps sixty-five came in slowly, for he was bent with age, even at those years. His face was seamed by sorrow and as he stood near the door looking for a vacant seat, I felt sympathy for him, though I knew nothing of him, and indeed had never seen him before. Finally he noticed the seat unoccupied and started toward it, but as he saw the lady there, he stopped a moment in hesitation, finally turned and was going out. As he neared the door again, he looked around furtively and as it chanced, the old lady at my side turned also and seeing him, smiled and bowed. Evidently his reluctance was not yet entirely overcome, but he came in and seated himself gingerly by her side. Occasionally he would glance sidewise at her, but whenever she turned to him he would be gazing fixedly at some black spot on the side-wall. Gradually, however, his bashfulness, if such it was, wore off and when the closing hymn was announced, the two rose up together and sang. Her voice was now loud, now low and would persist in striking the wrong notes, and his was cracked and shrill, but my heart was strangely touched as I heard those two singing praise to God with all the earnestness of children of the Father, and it seemed as if in that singing the bowed old man recovered the straightness of youth. His face glowed with something more than religious fervor and he seemed to be living in the days of his earlier life. His reserve was entirely thrown aside and after the benediction was pronounced, I heard him say, "Seems like old times, Mary." "Yes, it does, John, and have you noticed those names carved on the back of that seat in front, John?" He looked, and as I afterward saw, there were the two names, John and Mary enclosed in parenthesis, and underneath was cut in the wood, two hearts interjoined. As he looked on those letters, his face became full of the old-time sorrow, the stoop returned and without even bowing to his companion, he hastily left the church. The sweet old lady was disturbed, and a cloud came over her placid face, but she vived to greet her friends and her good cheer returned. Soon her husband, a prosperous farmer came for her and she went out with a smile, but I thought I saw a trace of sadness in her eyes, which I had noticed before. I never asked the story, but my mind often turns to that little church and I seem to see the old man, and the sweet-faced old lady.

COLLEGE VERSE AND ITS MAKERS.

[It may be well to say to the present generation of students that the first two numbers of this series were printed in the issues of THE UNDERGRADUATE for May and June, 1889. The delay in the appearance of this number is due to circumstances over which the author seems to have exercised no control.—C. B. W.]

III.

Three courses are open to the student as regards the writing of college verse: he may abstain from writing it, he may write it for the practice and destroy it when it is written, or he may write it from any motive and print it in the college paper. The first course has the merit of absolute safety and perhaps should be commended to a majority of undergraduates. The second, if fully carried out, would eliminate all student verse from college publications; push its principle to the logical limit and the printing of any literary matter whatever that is not contributed from outside sources is made at once impossible. Such a result would certainly be unfortunate. Two or three poems in recent issues of THE UNDERGADUATE have been worthy of publication and of praise; they are a credit to their authors and to the college and more would have been lost than gained had they been withheld from print. On the other hand, course three is beset with perils that threaten both poet and public. Since the opening of the college year, there have been printed in THE UNDERGRADUATE, and presumably from the student body, effusions that are a travesty on verse and that "cannot but make the judicious grieve." For the appearance of these productions the editor is most to blame, nor will a plea of tender-heartedness save him. An editor has no business with a tender heart when passing upon contributions; all he needs is a clean-cut judgment and a back bone But surely they are not guiltless who submitted those verses for consideration and forced him to so sad an exhibition of invertebracy.

Now, what I plead for is a judicious combination of courses two and three. It cannot be doubted that for the earnest student of the literary art the writing of verse is a very helpful exercise. To subject one's thought to the rigid requirements of rhyme and meter, to conform expression to all the varied demands of poetry, is to give one's self invaluable training in the subduing of refractory material. And forty-nine times out of fifty it will be best to burn the finished product. Forty-nine times out of fifty, the earnest student will want to burn it; his increasing sense of poetic possibility will make him his own unsparing critic. But now and then the happy, finished expression of a bright idea need not be thrown away; let the writer share it with us, and he and we will alike be better for it.

I do not wish to be understood as setting up any unattainable standard. No one, I am sure, takes more delight than I do in rhyming foolery—I only ask, when it comes to print, that the idea be fairly bright and the expression of it scrupulously exact. I recall again Jerrold's three-fold divison of metrical composition into poetry, verse, and worse, and shall willingly forego the pleasure of seeing much of the first in the columns of THE UNDERGRADUATE, if I can be vouchsafed the happiness of seeing none of the third.

I have been diving down among certain relics of my college days and have happened on some verses for which I was myself responsible Perhaps I cannot show better how reasonable I am in my rating than by printing them here (for the first time) and saying frankly that as a bit of sheer nonsense I think their publication then could have been justified. I speak of them with perfect freedom, for I had forgotten their very existence and regard them now in the most impersonal way imaginable. They are of interest, too, as showing the perennial and foundationless quality of undergraduate complaint. My woes were wholly imaginary; I was probably as happy a boy as ever laughed a careless way through college, and I suspect that in the majority of cases the "wail" of our latter-day students is of an equally conventional sort.

THE JUNIOR'S LAMENT.

Oh, list to the wail
And the pitiful tale
That in sorrow I'll try to relate;
For I know you'll feel sad
At the troubles I've had,
And will sigh o'er the Junior's fate.

He rises at morn
With a feeling forlorn,
But his much needed breakfast must pass;
For, alas, our poor Yorick
Must get his Rhetoric†
Or flunk in the tutor's class.

When the Rhetoric's done
Is there time for some fun?
Ah, no, work is only beginning;
For he's called by the bell
To the morning chapel,†
To be warned of the evils of sinning.

Is he finished at last?
Are his troubles all past?
Can he peace and oblivion find
In a novel or hist'ry?
Ah, no, for Chemistry†
Must torture his agonized mind.

The hour that comes next
With sheer nonsense is vexed,
But 'twill do us no good to complain;
For the fellows who rule us
Consider Calculus†
An excellent drill for the brain.‡

Were it not for one fact
That poor brain would be cracked,
And he'd soon at his final goal be;*
He knows that he can
Become skilled in German,†
Under such a professor as Kolbe.

Oh, this is the wail
And the pitiful tale
That in sorrow I've tried to relate;
And I know you'll feel sad
At the troubles I've had,
And will sigh o'er the Junior's fate.

† Poetic license.
‡ They are right; it is a bore.
* A metaphorical allusion to the end of life.

This is poor enough, in all conscience; I quote it simply to guage my standard. If I were editor of a college paper and these verses were submitted, I should hesitate for quite a while and finally accept them.

—The authorities in Cairo, Egypt, have given a permit for a horse-car line to the Pyramids.

MIDDLEBURY VERSE.

A SONG FOR DEAR OLD MIDD.

[Tune—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."]

A cheer for our dear old Midd, a song for her glories bright;
The undimmed lustre shines, ennobling the power of right.
On the records clear are writ, as an honor roll of yore,
The names of the good and great, the skilled in learning's lore.

CHORUS:

A cheer for our dear old Midd, a song for her glories bright,
The undimmed lustre shines ennobling the power of right.

In our mem'ry shall she stand, a queen of grace and power,
In loveliness like the stars, in strength like the mighty tower!
Her halls, her campus, the creek, the scenes of our work and play,
Enshrined in mem'ry's hall, shall remain our treasures for aye.

CHORUS:

Then here's to our dear old Midd, may her glories never fade,
May their brightness ne'er be dimmed, tho' foes be 'gainst her arrayed;
May her sons and daughters true, be the pearls of her royal crown.
Like a queen on her stately throne, may she ne'er know fortune's frown.

CHORUS:

ANON.

DAY DREAMS.

As when, on summer nights, the bobolinks
Flit ever southward in a dusky train,
And in their flight a silver-tinkling strain
Of far off music, rises, fades and sinks;
Or when, in sleep the phantom filmy links
Of dreams float o'er us in an endless chain,
And dew-like falls the mellow-toned refrain
From which the thirsty soul refreshment drinks;
So fall those dews, though sweeter far methinks,
Which cool the fever of the waking brain;
Then what Columbus saw, we see again:—
The Old World to the dim horizon shrinks,
And brightly o'er a sea of waking dreams
The unknown splendor of a New World gleams.

C. W. P.

A SECRET.

There are two little eyes that are brighter
Than any bright star in the sky;
There are two little hands that are whiter
Than snowflakes as earthward they fly;
There are two ruby lips that are nearer
To sweetness than honey or wine;
There is one little heart that is dearer
Than anything else that is mine.

Do you wonder that I love her,
That I do not prize above her,
My own life?
Yet, though I shall love her ever,
Still, alas, she'll never, never
Be my wife.

Yet I know that she loves me,
For she tells me o'er and o'er;
And it gives me joy to see
How that love grows more and more;
And, as often, very often,
When embracing her, I've kissed her,
So my heart will always soften;
For I love *my little sister.*

QUIDNUNC.

OBITUARY.

REV. AZARIAH HYDE.

News has been received of the recent death in Galesburg, Ill., of Rev. Azariah Hyde, a former resident of Castleton, Vt., and for thirty years or more a leading Congregational clergyman of Vermont. He was eighty three years of age, and the cause of his death was an attack of bronchitis that developed itself two years ago. Mr. Hyde was born in Randolph, Vt. He was graduated from Middlebury college in 1838; was principal of the Champlain, N. Y., academy from 1842 to 1844; was licensed to preach in 1842, and in 1845 he accepted the pastorate of the Congregational church in Benson, Vt., continuing there until 1856, when he resigned and took charge of Castleton seminary, continuing

at its head until the close of the term in 1860. He was then for some time financial agent of Middlebury college, and raised the funds for the new college building. For six years afterward he was pastor of the Congregational church in Pawlet, making twenty-six years of ministerial labor in Rutland county. He went west after leaving Pawlet, and in 1871 assumed the position of financial agent for Knox college.

WERDEN REYNOLDS.

Warden Reynolds was born at Rupert, Vt., May 1, 1813, and died at Green Bay, Wis., Feb. 13, 1897. He enjoyed a fine education, and graduated from Middlebury college in 1839, John G. Saxe, the poet, being a member of the same class. He was for a time principal of the Franklin academy, Malone, N. Y. He was married in that place to Miss Emaline Wood, July 16, 1840. Many friends here had the privilege of attending the golden anniversary of this marriage, and never were congratulations showered on a more loving and worthy couple. Two children were born to them, Hattie, who died suddenly, Dec. 4. 1874, and Heber, with whom he resided.

Mrs. Reynolds died May 15, 1879. Soon after their marriage they removed to Western New York, where Mr. Reynolds opened a select school, at Holly. From 1845 to 1852 he was principal of the Caryville Collegiate seminary, where his son, Heber, was born. From there he went to Whitehall, N. Y., as principal of the academy, and later removed to Worcester, Mass., where he was connected with the Daily Worcester *Transcript*. In 1856 he became the principal, and two years later, president of the Worcester Female college, Mrs. Reynolds acting as matron. Mr. Reynolds came to Green Bay in 1864 and taught in the High school two years. He was principal in the High school in Fort Howard from 1866 to 1886, when he graduated his last class and retired, since which time he had devoted his time to literary work, the improvement of his garden—work in which he delighted—and pleasant home life.

Mr. Reynolds belonged to the Green Bay lodge, No. 17, of Odd Fellows. From the time of admission he was an earnest worker and soon "passed the chairs, to take the highest office in the State." When he attained the 25th year of his membership in the order, the members presented him with a veteran's jewel. This jewel is only presented to members of twenty-five years' standing, and on this occasion was the first ever presented in the city, by either lodge. Mr. Reynolds was taken entirely by surprise and was evidently deeply affected, but responded in a few sentences, saying: "How can I fittingly respond to the fervent words of fraternal regard you have so eloquently and lovingly uttered. Three times since I became a member has the lodge surprised me by some visible and valuable token of its fraternal good will." He was also the proud owner of a badge and jewel presented to him by the Grand Encampment, which he highly prized. This gift is gotten up in exquisite style, and is one of the handsomest jewels of the kind we have ever seen. An added value attaches to it from the fact that it is the first presentation of the kind ever made by the Grand Encampment of this State. All those who are acquainted with Mr. Reynolds's untiring labors and unflagging zeal, in the capacity of the chief officer of that body, will be gratified to learn that the Grand Encampment made so marked and graceful a recognition of his services.

Mr. Reynolds was a religious man, a trait of character inherited from his father, and was a descendant from a line of Baptist ministers, he being licensed to preach, and at the time of his death was senior deacon of the West Side Baptist church. He devoted much time to the study of the Bible, in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the last being his favorite study.

"HONOR AND PRAISE."

Sam Ryan in the Appleton Crescent pays the following tribute to Werden Reynolds:

"The death of Werden Reynolds at Green Bay, on the 13th inst., at the advanced age of 84 years, removes one of the pillars of Odd Fellowship in this State to the higher life. Werden Reynolds, while filling a high place as advanced educator of the State, has most acceptably filled the position of Grand Patriarch and Grand Representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and for a quarter of a century chairman and virtually the committee of correspondence of the State Grand Lodge. His fine literary taste, as displayed in the selection of the gems of thought and oratory from the different jurisdictions, and his admirable criticisms have been the admiration of the leading minds in the fraternity throughout this continent. He was chivalric, a wise counselor, an unvarying friend. Faithful in all things, his memory will be reverently cherished long after crumbling effigies of

wealth and pride are remembered to have ever existed.

"'Farewell, brother. Thy immortality has been well earned.'"

NOTE.—The year of Mrs. Werden Reynold's death should read 1894 instead of 1874.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Science for Feb. 5, 1897, contains an abstract of a paper read before the "Zoological club" of the University of Chicago, Jan. 6, 1897, by Prof. Albert D. Mead, Ph D. (Class of '90), on the "Centrosomes of the Annelid Egg," being observations on the marine annelid *Chaetopterus*. Dr. Mead is professor of comparative anatomy in Brown University.

In the annual report of the U. S. National Museum for 1894 (House Miscellaneous Documents, Fifty-third Congress, third session, Vol. 16), several references are made to the work of Prof. F. H. Knowlton, Ph. D., of the class of '84, who is an honorary curator of the museum. In the annual report of the assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the museum, he says under the head of fossil plants: "Many valuable additions have been made by Mr. Knowlton to the collection of Laramie plants." In the list of accessions to the museum his name appears as a contributor to the zoological specimens. Under "bibliography" a list is given of articles and papers contributed to many scientific reports and to various periodicals by Prof. Knowlton and it is noted that "over ten thousand definitions of botanical terms were prepared by Mr. Knowlton for the new Stand ard Dictionary." This report of the National Museum may be found among the U. S. government publications of which the library is an official depository, and which have recently been arranged so that they may be readily consulted.

A county free library meeting, under the auspices of the State Board of Library Commissioners, was held in the town hall Friday evening, Feb. 26, for the special benefit of the towns in Addison county which have not taken advantage of the law in reference to free libraries. President Brainerd presided and Prof. S. W. Landon, chairman of the board, Mr. F. A. Howland, one of the commissioners, Prof. Howard and Rev. Mr. Dickens addressed the meeting urging the advantages of State aid to libraries. Miss Mary L. Titcomb, who is also secretary of the board and librarian of the Rutland Free Library, read a paper on "What a public library will do for a community." Miss Louise L. Bartlett, the other commissioner present, read a paper on the "Growth of the library idea in the United States." Miss Bartlett is librarian of the St. Johnsbury Athenæum. The college library was favored with visits by Miss Titcomb, Miss Bartlett and Mr. Howland. Another meeting of the commission assisted by the Vermont Library Association will be held at the Billings library building, Burlington, Vt., on Friday, March 12. Mr. F. R. Fletcher, son of Librarian Fletcher of Amherst college, will have charge of the Library Bureau exhibit at the morning session. An interesting programme, in which the commissioners are expected to take part, has been provided for the afternoon session. Librarians, library trustees and others interested in library matters are invited to be present.

ALUMNI NEWS.

[Any alumni or others who have old programs, announcements or papers of college interest would confer a favor on the college by sending them to Prof. Sanford. In view of the coming centennial, it is desired to collect a series of articles which would be of interest to friends or graduates of the college.]

'66 A postal was received from N. R. Nichols of Norwich, wishing to thank Albee Smith, through THE UNDERGRADUATE, for the two articles, "Two Vacation Trips on Foot," which have been printed in the January and February issues. The articles proved very interesting to Mr. Nichols and the other alumni who were acquaintances of Messrs. Smith and Shepard.

'66. In the last two issues of the *Vermont Chronicle* we have taken note of two interesting articles on "Christian Science, Faith Cure and Kindred Delusions" by E. J Ranslow of Swanton. THE UNDEGRADUATE extends its warmest sympathy to Mr. Ranslow and family in their recent bereavement of their wife and mother, Ellen E. Ranslow.

'69. H. S. Baker, Ph D, principal of the Jefferson school in St. Paul is examiner on the board of examination for Professional State Certificates of the State of Minnesota, in the department of public instruction. We recently received a letter giving requirements for teachers' certificates in that State and by reading, we find Minnesota taking a high rank in its system of

education. Dr. Baker's address is 150 Pleasant Place, St. Paul, Minn.

'72. A very interesting article appeared in the issue of Feb. 17 of the *Christian Herald*, on Rev. Henry Martin Ladd, illustrated by cuts of Mr. Ladd and his church in Cleveland. It begins with an appreciative review of the work done by schools, colleges and churches in our country, and then goes on to speak in warm praise of one of our former presidents, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who is known to the world as the builder of Robert college on the Bosphorus, a man who comes from the sturdy stock that helps to make the history of nations, who was called to the presidency of an American college, which for a hundred years has nestled down among the Green Mountains.

HENRY MARTIN LADD, '72.

Strolling about the campus one evening at the sunset hour, he told this story of a pioneer missionary family in Turkey, the name of which will be familiar to all Congregationalists of the older generation, that of the Rev. Martin Ladd. "There was a little boy in the family," said Dr. Hamlin, in telling the story, "a little boy named Henry, and Henry was troubled with some infantile disorder which provoked the most dreadful wailings at just those particular hours of the night when I was most engrossed in developing plans for Robert college. I used to pray that an all-wise Providence would deem it fitting to call that child to a higher, happier home, but I have lived to see him lead his class right here in these old halls, and I have seen him take a first prize in his post-graduate course at Yale, and now he is building churches."

"The gentleman of whom he was speaking was the Rev. Henry Martin Ladd of Cleveland, Ohio, who was until recently the youngest Doctor of Divinity in this country. He came to America in boyhood, and after a course at Middlebury, Vt., took up a theological post-graduate course at Yale, graduating with honors. His first call was to the First Congregational church at Walton, N. Y. From this charge he was called to go as foreign superintendent of missions to Africa, under the direction of the American Missionary Association. One journey was made to the west coast of Africa to inspect mission stations there, and another most hazardous journey was made to Central Africa near the head-waters of the Nile, where he met and knew Emin Bey, at that time the ruling spirit of that section. This undertaking, because of the Mahdi, led to a temporary abandonment of the project for founding missions in that region, and a call to the Euclid Avenue Congregational church in Cleveland opened a field for labor which has grown and prospered and been greatly blessed in the ingathering of many precious souls. The little brick church with its charter membership of nineteen in 1843, had grown until in 1866 with a membership of 109, it was judged timely to erect a more fitting edifice. To this church came the present pastor, fresh from his African experiences, from his keen and far-seeing knowledge of men and affairs, and full of holy zeal for Christian service. His first decided move was to replace the old church by one suited to the needs of his people. At the rate of more than one a year, sixteen churches had sprung up, modern in structure, within a radius of less than a mile. The doubting ones shook their heads, but roused by the vigor and determination of the new pastor, they were soon among the most active, not only in working, but in giving.

"Everything seemed to favor, and at a cost of $35,000 a building was erected to the service of God, which could not be duplicated for $75,000. A large debt had been prophesied, but on the day of dedication no word was spoken of money, for the church was free from debt.

"While some churches are contented with the eloquence of their pastor, others pride themselves upon the magnitude of their charities. Still another class is chiefly engaged in the extension of church work.

The Euclid Avenue church achieved a happy combination of all these functions in the spreading of the Gospel. The Madison Avenue church was the first to spring up as an off-shoot of the parent church and a chapel was erected in 1875. The first pastor, Rev. O. D. Fisher, was succeeded by a fellow student of Dr. Ladd, and the work of the church has been mainly directed to the laboring class, its location being especially favorable.

"Then followed the Reservoir Sabbath school which was but the seed for the uprising of the Park church. The establishment of branches in no way impoverished the parent church. On the contrary the roll of membership continued to lengthen. Hough Avenue church followed.

"The Lake View church, the neat and attractive chapel of which was built from Mr. Ladd's own drawings, is of still more recent birth. Over nine hundred persons have been received into the church by Dr. Ladd. Over one hundred were granted letters of dismission in a single year, to form one of the new churches, and over fifty to form another, and yet at the end of the year the membership of the present church was larger than at the beginning."

'96. D. H. Blossom of Granville, N. Y., expects to go to Utah soon, where he will join an engineering staff who are to survey that State.

LOCALS.

Lane, 1900, has entered U. V. M. medical.

Brown, '97, spent Sunday, the 7th ult., in Proctor.

Parkhurst, '97, spent Sunday, Feb. 21, with friends in Randolph.

Mrs. W. W. Eaton left Tuesday the 2d inst., for a month's visit in New York and elsewhere.

The engagement of Dr. D. C. Noble and Miss Jessie L. Chapman was announced last week.

The Chi Psi fraternity had a sleigh ride to Bristol Saturday, Feb. 20, with a banquet there in the evening.

The Apollo Quintette and College Orchestra will give a concert in the high school hall Friday evening, the 12th.

Cadwell, '97, spoke in an entertainment given recently in Mooers, N. Y., where Richmond, ex member class '98, teaches.

Junior Ex. occurs Tuesday evening, the 30th. New features have been introduced into the programme, which will be of interest.

Miss Baird, '99, who was called home recently on account of the sudden death of her father, will not return to college, but expects to enter Cornell next year.

There was no session of the college on Washington's birthday, and a number of the students went home. In the future it is proposed to celebrate the day with appropriate exercises.

The officers elected by the Y. M. C. A. for the ensuing year were: Lake, '99, president; Bingham, '99, vice president; Botsford, '98, corresponding secretary; Corbin, '99, recording secretary, and Waterman, '99, treasurer.

The question debated by the club Wednesday night was, "Resolved, that the study of history is of more importance than the study of literature." The disputants were Whitney, '97, and Lobban, '98, affirmative; Piper, '97, and Botsford, '98, negative.

The sorority of Alpha Chi gave an informal reception to the faculty and their wives Monday evening, March 8. During the evening a musical programme was given. Miss Mabel Barker of Sidney, N. Y., sister of Miss Barker, 1900, was present and rendered some fine selections.

President Brainerd and Profs. Burt and Seely attended the second annual meeting of the Vermont Botanical club held in Burlington February 5 and 6. Prof. Seely read a paper on "The Structure of the Apple;" Prof. Burt, a paper on "The Need of a Better Knowledge of Cryptogams," and Prof. Brainerd gave an informal talk on "Progress in our Knowledge of the Flowering Plants of Vermont." President Brainerd was re-elected president of the club.

Carl C. Plehn, Ph. D., assistant professor in the University of California, has recently published an "Introduction to Public Finance," which has already received favorable attention from many noted educators, including Prof. Seligman of Columbia and Prof. Schwab of Yale. Prof. Plehn was professor of History and Political Science from '91 to '93 in this college. In 1893 he accepted the assistant professorship of Political Economy of the University of California, which position he now holds.

The freshmen held their annual banquet at the Stevens House in Vergennes Wednesday evening, Feb.

10. After the banquet the following toasts were rendered:

Toastmaster, Samuel B. Botsford.
"There is many a man hath more hair than wit."

Class of 1900, Ola R. Houghton.
"Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and honored days be thine."

Class Poem, Sara V. Mann.
"From the poet's tongue the message rolls,
A blessing to mankind."

Old Midd., Thomas A. Carlson.
"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

The Ladies, A. Bush Willmarth.
"Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide."

Les Messieurs, Emily G. Parker.
"In my time I ha' seen a boy do wonders;
Robin the red tinker had a boy,
Would ha' run thro' a cat hole!"

A condition not contrary to fact, Guy B. Horton.
"A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

The Faculty, Rena I. Bisbee.
"A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and dominie grandees."

The Future, Belle E. Wright.
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou
Knowest not what a day may bring forth."

"So, now 'tis ended like an old wife's story."

EXCHANGES.

MY SWEETHEART.

I put my arms around her waist,
Her head upon my shoulder,
I see a love look in her eyes,
I kiss her, growing bolder.
I smooth her hair with tenderness,
I swear her true to be,
And then I softly whisper,
"Dear Ma, lend me a V."—*Ex.*

THE BACK NUMBERS.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered;
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
"The hairs of your head are all numbered."

The bald-headed man awoke with a start
From his weekly devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
"O Lord, send me down the back numbers."

—*Exchange.*

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss;
And when they tried it,
They landed like this.—*Ex.*

"A wandering through forests
Where there's no light nor way,
Whence there is no outcoming
Into the sun's bright day;
A search through tangled mazes,
Merely a bitter play,
Where wrinkled, graybeard children
Pursue o'er land and sea
Bubbles that burst in touching,
That e'er elude and flee,
Vain, foolish, galling plaything—
This is philosophy."

Columbia Lit.

ROSEBUDS.

She plucked a rosebud by the wall
And placed it in his outstretched hands;
It was love's token, that was all,
And he rode off to foreign lands.
He kept the rosebud in his breast,
And when the battle charge was led,
They found him slain among the rest;
The rosebud stained a deeper red.
But she, beside the wall that day,
A rosebud gave to other hands;
Nor thought of that one borne away
By him who rode to foreign lands.

Bowdoin Orient.

In a quiet dell, once all alone
A little primrose grew,
As fair as the stars that softly shone,
And pure as the morning dew.

A butterfly strayed throughout the dell one day,
With whispers of love and bliss;
Then vowing that soon he'd return for aye,
He gave her a parting kiss.

The primrose waited the long day through,
By the cool moss-grown brookside,
'Til longing and love broke that heart so true,
And the floweret drooped and died.

But the butterfly flew to a flowery plain,
Where the glorious sunlight shone,
And there, 'mid his joys, thought never again
Of the flower that waited alone.

Davidson's Monthly.